

1490.e.49

ON
THE MUCH LAMENTED
DEATH
OF THE
MARQUIS of TAVISTOCK.

Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt. VIRG.

The FOURTH EDITION.



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.
MDCCLXVII.

Russell (F.) Marquis of Tavistock, etc

K

ON
THE MUCH LAMENTED
DEATH
OF THE

MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK



Victorious Youth!

Thank Heaven, I hope thee not—I ne'er shall feel

The keen regret thy dropping friends sustain;

Yet will I drop the thought, and cease to grieve,

And this due Tribute to thy Memory bring;

Not that thy noble Birth provokes my song,

Or claims such Offering from the Muse's shrine;

But that thy spotless and unblemished name

WILLIAM

ON
THE MUCH LAMENTED
DEATH
OF THE
MARQUIS of TAVISTOCK.

——— Virtuous Youth !

Thank Heav'n, I knew thee not—I ne'er shall feel
The keen Regret thy drooping Friends sustain ;
Yet will I drop the sympathizing Tear,
And this due Tribute to thy Memory bring ;
Not that thy noble Birth provokes my Song,
Or claims such Offering from the Muses Shrine ;
But that thy spotless undissembled Heart,

B

Thy unaffected Manners, all-unstain'd
 With Pride of Pow'r, and Insolence of Wealth;
 Thy Probity, Benevolence, and Truth,
 (Best Inmates of Man's Soul) for ever lost,
 Cropt, like fair Flow'rs, in Life's meridian Bloom,
 Fade undistinguish'd in the silent Grave.

O BEDFORD!—pardon, if a Muse unknown,
 Smit with thy Heart-felt Grief, directs her Way
 To Sorrow's dark Abode, where Thee she views,
 Thee, wretched Sir, and pitying, hears Thee mourn
 Thy RUSSEL's Fate—"Why was He thus belov'd?
 "Why did he bless my Life?"—Fond Parent, cease;
 Count not his Virtues o'er—Hard Task!—Call forth
 Thy firm hereditary Strength of Mind.
 Lo! where the Shade of thy great Ancestor,
 Fam'd RUSSEL stands, and chides thy vain Complaint;
 His philosophic Soul, with Patience arm'd,

And Christian Virtue, brav'd the Pangs of Death;
 Admir'd, belov'd, He dy'd; (if right I deem),
 Not more lamented than thy virtuous Son:
 Yet calm thy Mind; so may the lenient Hand
 Of Time, all-soothing Time, thy Pangs assuage,
 Heal thy sad Wound, and close thy Days in Peace.

See where the Object of his filial Love,
 His Mother, lost in Tears, laments his Doom:
 Speak Comfort to her Soul:——
 O! from the sacred Fount, where flow the Streams
 Of heav'nly Consolation, O! one Drop,
 To sooth his hapless Wife! sharp Sorrow preys
 Upon her tender Frame—Alas, she faints,—
 She falls! still grasping in her Hand
 The Picture of her Lord—All-gracious Heav'n!
 Just are thy Ways, and righteous thy Decrees,
 But dark and intricate; else why this Meed

For tender faithful Love ; this sad Return
 For Innocence and Truth ? Was it for this
 By Virtue and the smiling Graces led,
 (Fair Types of long succeeding Years of Joy),
 She twin'd the votive Wreath at Hymen's Shrine,
 So soon to fade and die ?—Yet O ! reflect,
 Chaste Partner of his Life ! you ne'er deplor'd
 His alienated Heart : (disastrous State !
 Condition worse than Death !) the sacred Torch
 Burnt to the last its unremitted Fires !
 No painful self-reproach hast thou to feel ;
 The conscious Thought of every Duty paid,
 This sweet Reflection shall support thy Mind,
 Be this thy Comfort :—Turn thine Eyes a while,
 Nor with that lifeless Picture feed thy Woe ;
 Turn yet thine Eyes ; see how they court thy Smiles,
 Those infant Pledges of connubial Joy !
 Dwell on their Looks,—and trace his Image there :

And O! since Heav'n, in Pity to thy Loss,
 For Thee one future Blessing has in Store,
 Cherish that tender Hope—Hear Reason's Voice;
 Hush'd be the Storms that vex thy troubled Breast,
 And Angels guard Thee in the Hour of Pain.
 Accept this ardent Pray'r ; a Muse forgive,
 Who for thy Sorrow draws the pensive Sigh,
 Who feels thy Grief, tho' erst in frolic Hour
 She tun'd her comic Rhymes to Mirth and Joy,
 Unskill'd (I ween) in lofty Verse, unus'd
 To plaintive Strains, yet by soft Pity led,
 Trembling revisits the Pierian Vale ;
 There culls each fragrant Flow'r, to deck the Tomb
 Where generous RUSSEL lies.——

F I N I S.

177

And O! since Heaven in its love
For those who suffer nothing but in store
Ourselves that suffer nothing but in store
Should be the same that very troubled store
And Angels guard them in the hour of pain
Accept this and not fear; a child's prayer
Who for thy sorrow bears the gentle sign
Who for thy sorrow bears the gentle sign
She would not come to mind and joy
Unhild (I ween) in love's world
To find the same that very troubled store
Trembling with the light of day
There could each fragrant flower to each the Tomb
Which Heaven's love has



W. I. M. I. S.